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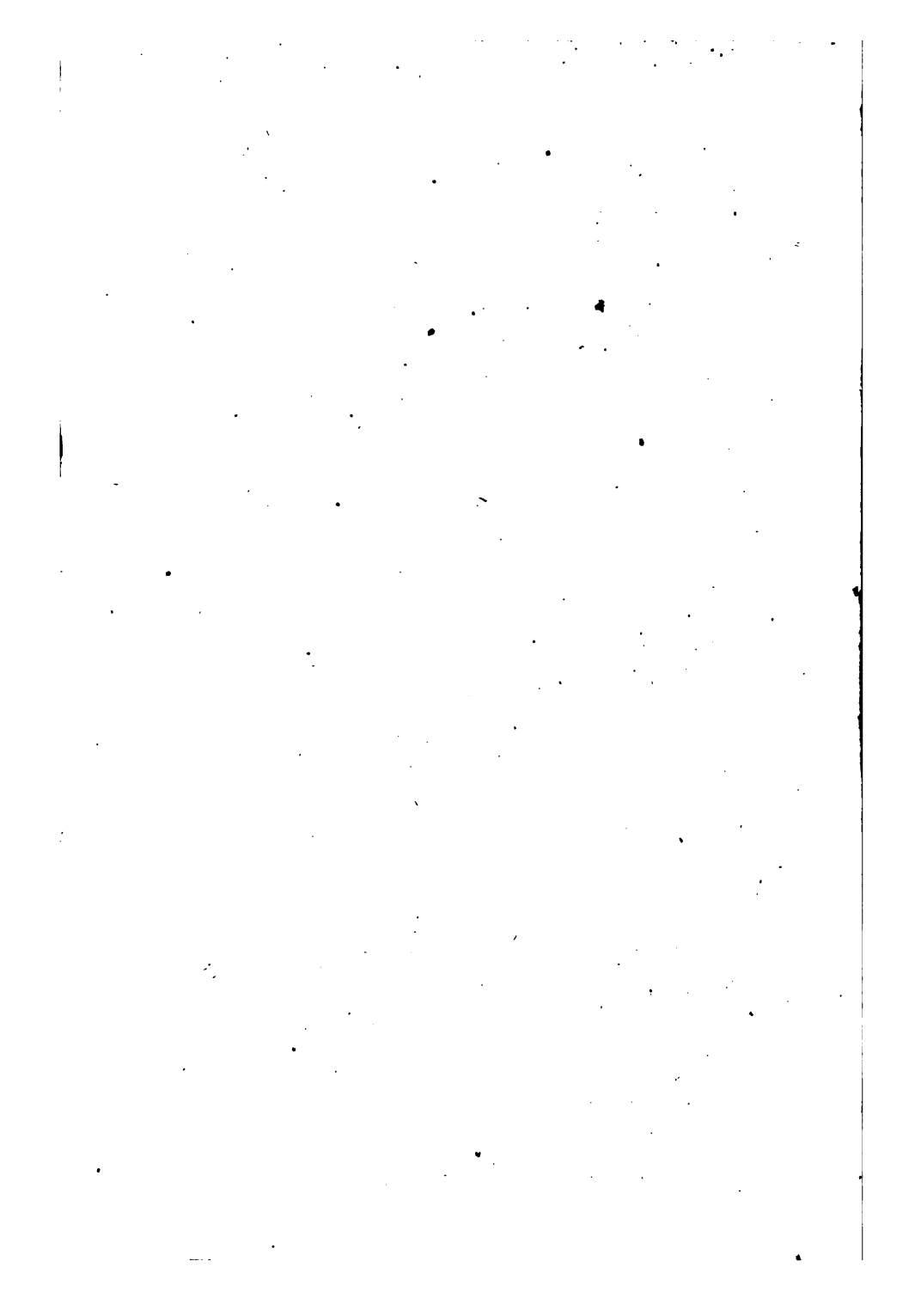
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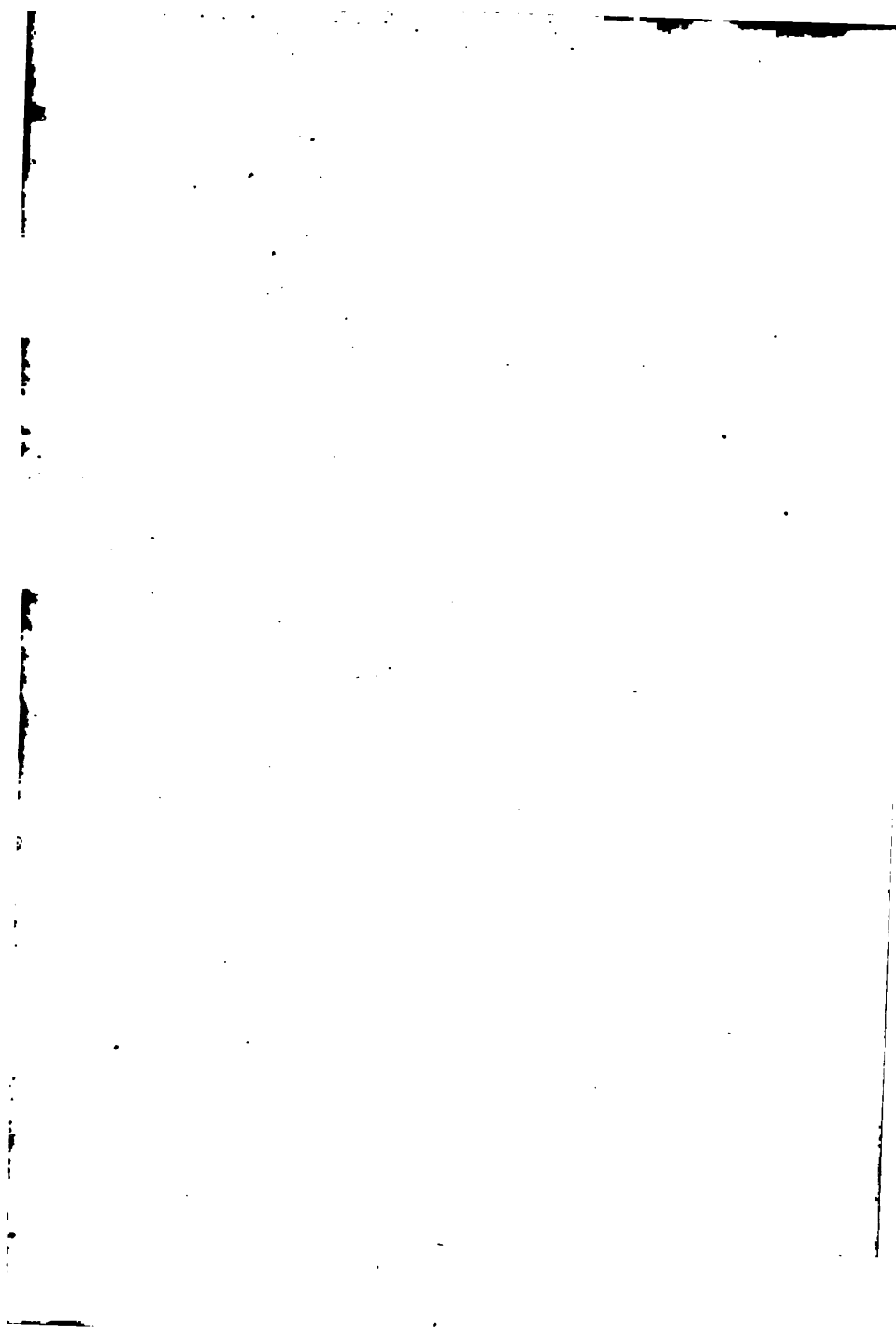
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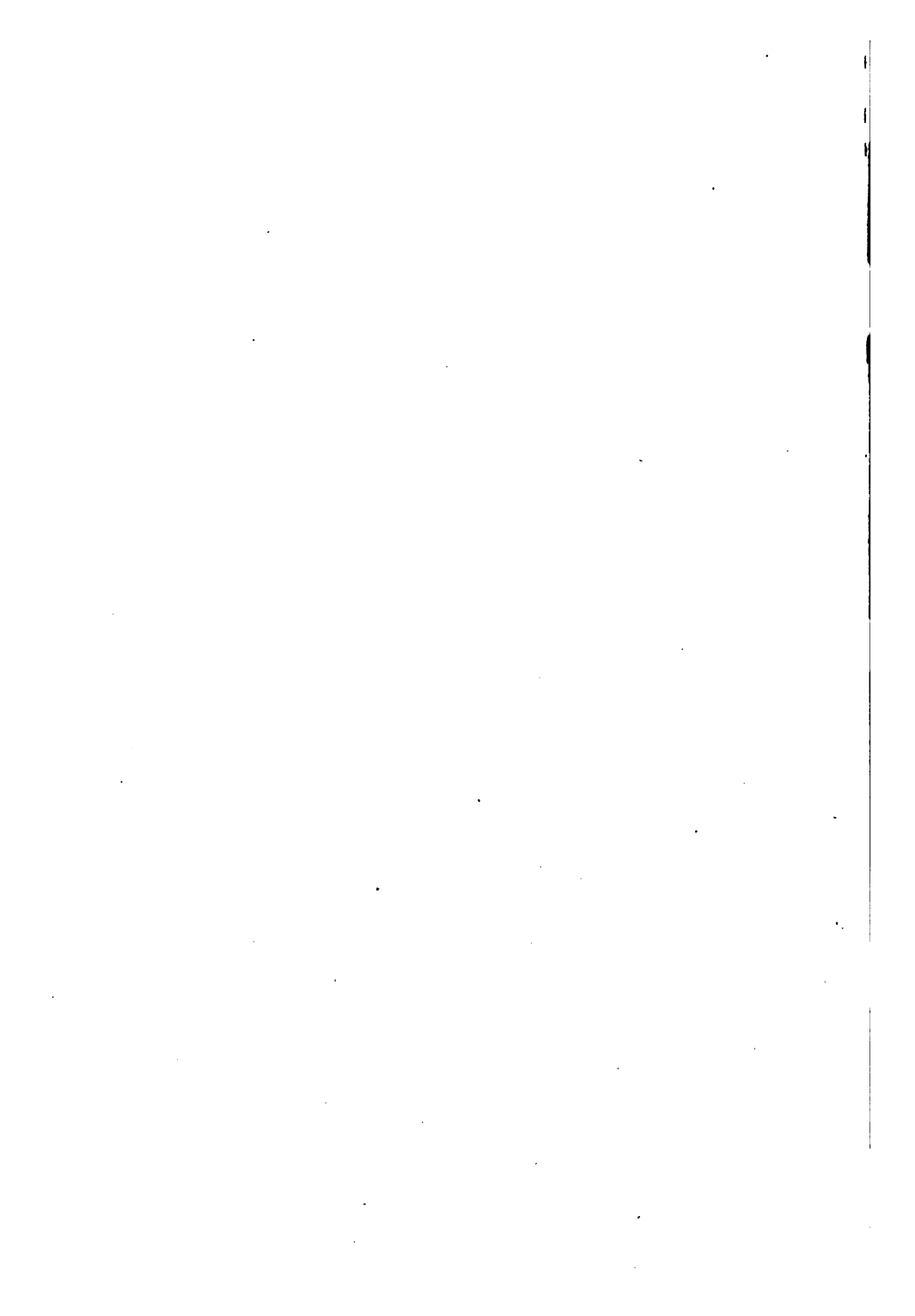
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POETRY OF THE YEAR.



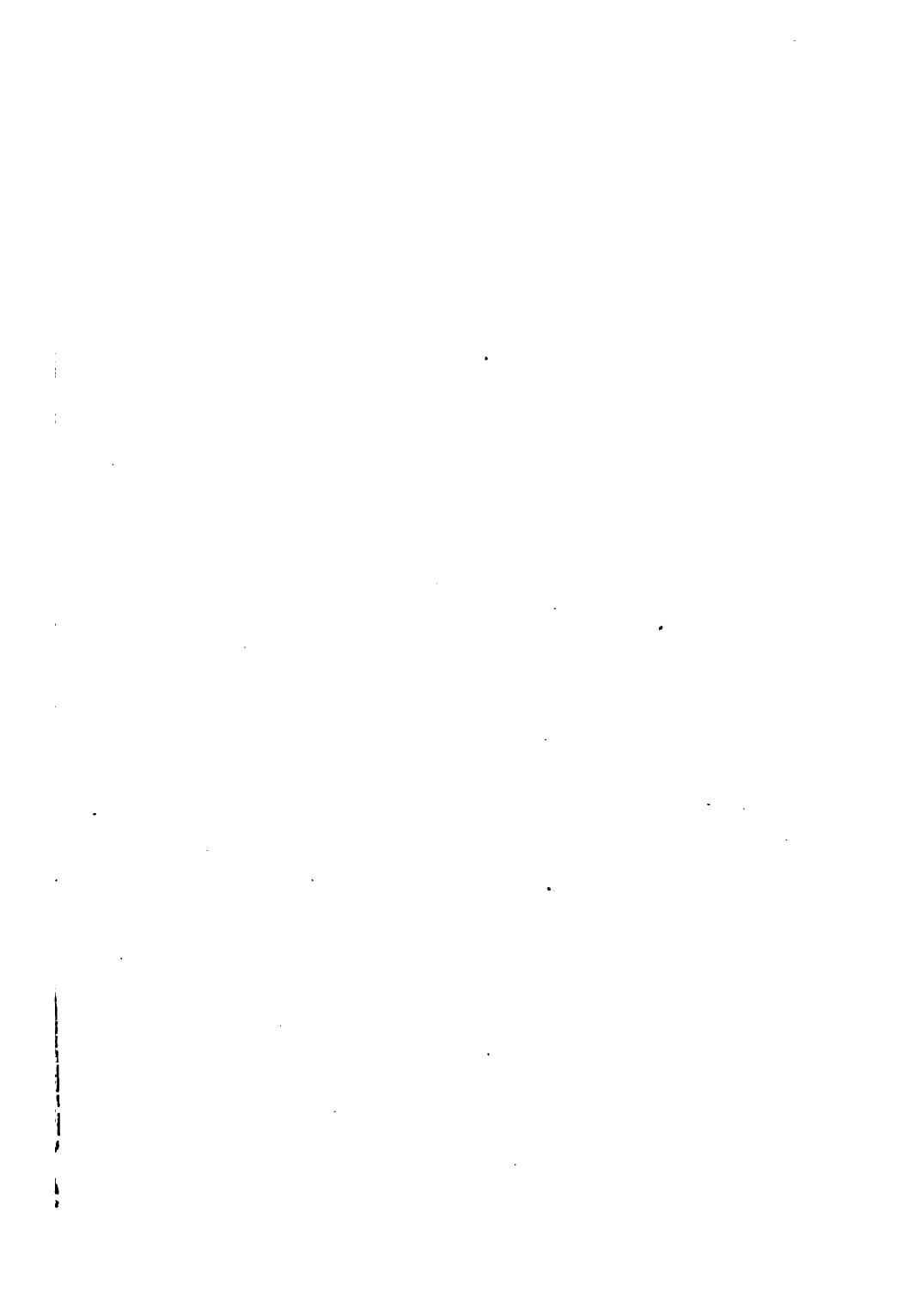




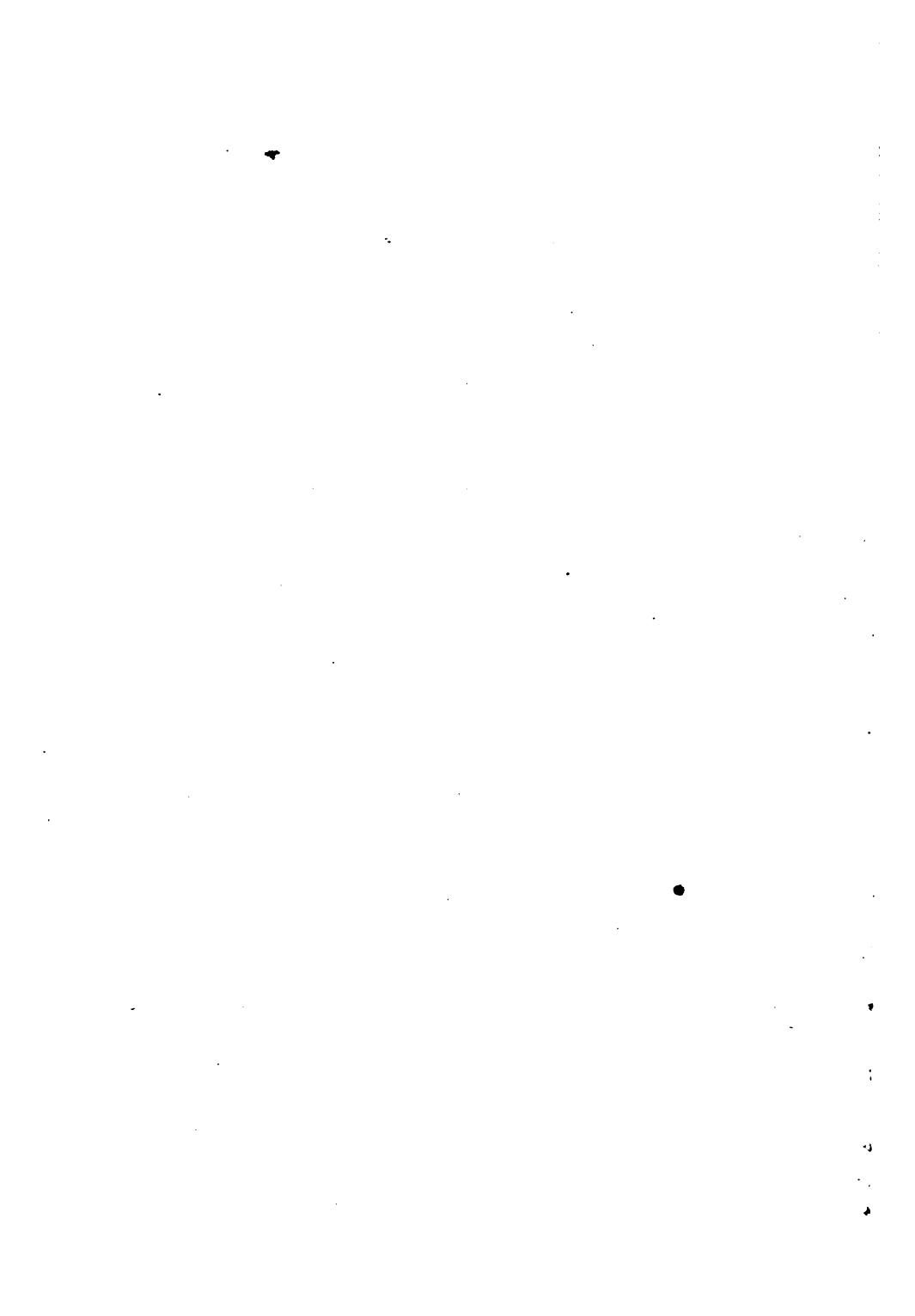
Fig. 1.

POETRY OF THE COUNTRY



PHILADELPHIA

PUBLISHED BY J. W. BARNES & CO.



POETRY OF THE YEAR:

PASSAGES FROM THE POETS

Descriptive of the Seasons.

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED.

PHILADELPHIA:
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Contents.

THE POETRY OF SPRING.

	PAGE
SPRING,	HEMANS, 19
THE MAY-BUSH,	SPENSER, 33
SPRING,	EARL OF SURREY, . . . 24
ON MAY MORNING,	MILTON, 25
CHILDREN IN SPRING,	CLARE, 26
DAY: A PASTORAL,	JOHN CUNNINGHAM, . . 27
CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING,	HERRICK, 29
THE PRIMROSE,	CLARE, 33
A TRIBUTE TO MAY,	ROSCOE, 34
THE WOODLAND IN SPRING,	COWPER, 35
BREATHINGS OF SPRING,	HEMANS, 36
EARLY SPRING,	THOMSON, 39
A WALK BY THE WATER,	CHARLOTTE SMITH, . . 40
JOY OF SPRING,	LEIGH HUNT, 41
THE NIGHTINGALE AT EVE,	COLERIDGE, 42
BEES AND BUTTERFLIES,	CLARE, 44
THE ANGLER'S WISH,	ISAAK WALTON, 45

	PAGE
APRIL,	SHAKESPEARE, 46
MAY,	CLARE, 47
SPRING MORNING,	MOIR, 48
SABBATH MORNING,	GRAHAME, 49
THE WONDERS OF THE LAKE,	ELLIOTT, 50
SPRING POINTING TO GOD,	BRUCE, 52
EFFECTS OF SPRING,	WILSON, 53
THE MEADOW,	HURDES, 55

THE POETRY OF SUMMER.

REPOSE IN SUMMER,	TENNYSON, 59
SUMMER REVERIE,	KEATS, 60
THE BROOK IN SUMMER,	HOWITT, 66
SHEPHERD AND FLOCK,	THOMSON, 67
SONNET ON COUNTRY LIFE,	KEATS, 68
MORNING IN SUMMER,	THOMSON, 69
THE WILD BRAMBLES,	ELLIOTT, 70
EVENING VISIT TO WINDERMERE, . .	WORDSWORTH, 72
SUNRISE ABOVE THE CLOUDS, . . .	LONGFELLOW, 72
THE FOREST STREAM,	GRAHAME, 74
SUMMER EVE,	KIRKE WHITE, 75
LEAFY JUNE,	WEBBE, 78
THE RAIN,	LONGFELLOW, 78
A SUMMER LANDSCAPE,	COWPER, 83
A JUNE DAY,	HOWITT, 84
THE COUNTRY WALK,	DYER, 86

CONTENTS.

xv

THE POETRY OF AUTUMN

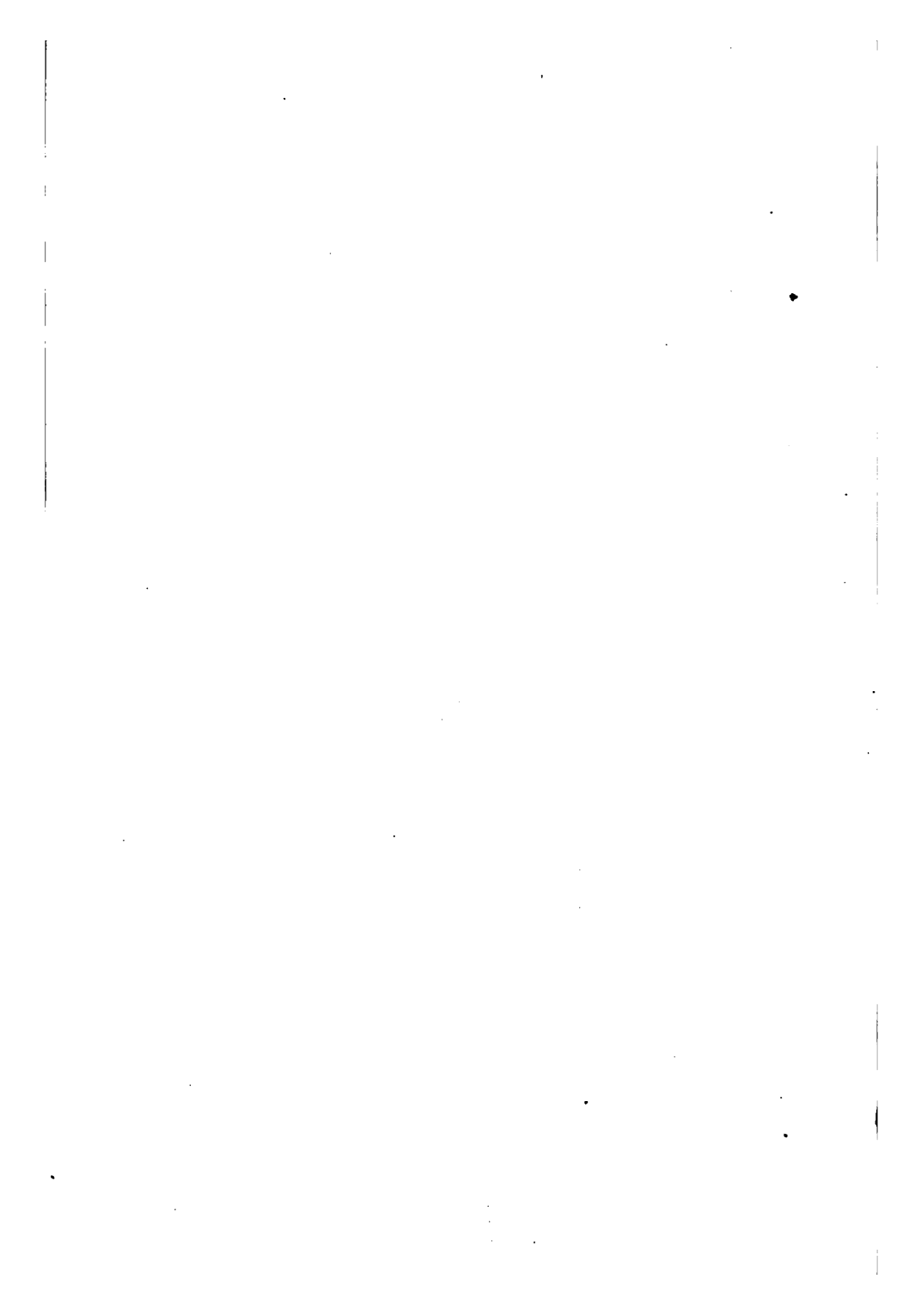
	PAGE
HARVEST-HOME, MILLER,	91
HARVEST-FIELD, THOMSON,	92
AUTUMNAL MORNING, LONGFELLOW,	93
BEAUTIES OF AUTUMN, WILCOX,	95
THE GIPSY ENCAMPMENT, COWPER,	96
NUTTING, WORDSWORTH,	97
SERENITY OF AUTUMN, THOMSON,	99
TEARS, TENNYSON,	101
A DAY IN AUTUMN, SOUTHEY,	101
MOUNTAIN SCENE, JAGO,	102
TO A WILD DEER, WILSON,	105
AUTUMN, KEATS,	106

THE POETRY OF WINTER.

WINTER, THOMSON,	111
FARM-YARD IN WINTER, BLOOMFIELD,	112
FROST, PHILLIPS,	114
SNOW, COWPER,	115
FODDERING CATTLE, COWPER,	116
SKATING, WORDSWORTH,	116
REFLECTIONS UPON WINTER, SOUTHEY,	118
THE REDBREAST, THOMSON,	120
THE WOODMAN, COWPER,	121
A WINTER WALK, LONGFELLOW,	122

	PAGE
WINTER'S FROST, THOMSON,	124
WINTER TRIUMPHANT, BRAINARD,	125
THE SNOW-CLOGGED WAIN, COWPER,	125
WINTER, SHAKESPEARE,	126
WINTER SERENADE, WORDSWORTH,	127

THE
POETRY OF SPRING.



THE POETRY OF SPRING.

SPRING.

I COME! I come! ye have called me long—
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut-
flowers

By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains;—
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky ;
From the night bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the
chain ;

They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves !

Come forth, O ye children of gladness ! come !
Where the violets lie may be now your home.

Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly!
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine—I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen!
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth!
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye!—ye are changed since ye met me last!
There is something bright from your features
passed!

There is that come over your brow and eye
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must
die!

—Ye smile! but your smile hath a dimness yet:
Oh! what have you looked on since last we met?

Ye are changed, ye are changed!—and I see not
here
All whom I saw in the vanished year!

There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
Which tossed in the breeze with a play of light ;
There were eyes in whose glistening laughter lay
No faint remembrance of dull decay !

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth was spread ;
There were voices that rang through the sapphire
sky,
And had not a sound of mortality !
Are they gone ? is their mirth from the mountains
passed ?
—Ye have looked on Death since ye met me last.

I know whence the shadow comes o'er you now—
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow !
Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace—
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race,
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown :
They are gone from amongst you in silence down !

They are gone from amongst you, the young and
fair,
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair !

But I know of a land where there falls no blight—
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light!
Where Death midst the blooms of the morn may
 dwell,
I tarry no longer—farewell, farewell!

The summer is coming, on soft winds borne—
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
For me, I depart to a brighter shore—
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more:
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's.—Fare ye well,
 farewell!

HEMANS.

THE MAY-BUSH.

YOUNG folk now flock in everywhere
To gather May-bushes, and smelling brere.
And home they hasten, the posts to dight,
And all the kirk pillars, ere day-light,
With hawthorn-buds, and sweet eglantine,
And garlands of roses.——
Even this morning—no longer ago,
I saw a shole of shepherds outgo,

With singing, and shouting, and jolly cheer :
Before them went a lusty tabourer,
That unto many a hornpipe played,
Whereto they danced, each one with his maid.
To see these folk making such joyance
Made my heart after the pipe to dance.
Then to the greenwood they speed them all
To fetch home May, with their musical :
And home they bring him, in a royal throne,
Crowned as king ; and his queen—fair one,
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fair flock of fairies, and a fresh bend
Of lovely nymphs. O that I were there,
To help the ladies their May-bush to bear !

SPENSER.

SPRING.

THE sweet season that bud and bloome forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale ;
The nightingale with feathers new she sings ;
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs,
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale,

The buck in brake his winter-coat he flings,
The fishes fleet with new-repaired scale :
The adder all her slough away she flings,
The swift swallow pursues the flies small,
The busy bee her honey now she mings.
Winter is worn that was the flower's bale,
And thus I see, among those pleasant things,
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

EARL OF SURREY.

ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May ! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON.

CHILDREN IN SPRING.

THE snow has left the cottage-top ;
The thatch-moss grows in brighter green ;
And eaves in quick succession drop,
Where grinning icicles have been,
Pit-patting with a pleasant noise
In tubs set by the cottage-door ;
While ducks and geese, with happy joys,
Plunge in the yard-pond brimming o'er.

The sun peeps through the window-pane,
Which children mark with laughing eye,
And in the wet streets steal again,
To tell each other spring is nigh.
Then as young Hope the past recalls,
In playing groups they often draw,
To build beside the sunny walls
Their spring-time huts of sticks or straw.

And oft in pleasure's dream they hie
Round homesteads by the village side,
Scratching the hedge-row mosses by,
Where painted pooty shells abide ;

Mistaking oft the ivy spray
For leaves that come with budding spring,
And wondering, in their search for play,
Why birds delay to build and sing.

The mavis thrush, with wild delight,
Upon the orchard's dripping tree
Mutters, to see the day so bright
Fragments of young Hope's poesy;
And Dame oft stops her buzzing wheel,
To hear the robin's note once more,
Who tootles while he pecks his meal
From sweet-brier hips beside the door.

CLARE.

DAY: A PASTORAL.

In the barn the tenant cock,
Close to Partlet perched on high,
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock)!
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nursed by night, retire:

And the peeping sunbeam, now,
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roofed cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arched bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale!
Kidlings, now, begin to crop
Daisies, in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloyed
(Restless till her task be done),
Now the busy bee's employed
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the creviced rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,

Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin, for the promised corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

Sweet,—O sweet, the warbling throng,
On the white emblossomed spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING.

Get up, get up for shame! the blooming Morn
Upon her wings presents the God unshorn!
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colors through the air!—
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed! and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept and bowed towards the east
Above an hour since, yet you are not dressed!—

Nay, not so much as out of bed,
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin—
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
Whereas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring sooner than the lark, to fetch in May!

Rise! and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair;
Fear not, for the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you;—
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept:
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in
praying:

Few beads are best when once we go a Maying.

Come, my Corinna! come, and coming, mark
How each field turns a street—each street a park,

Made green, and trimmed with trees!—see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch!—each porch, each door, ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of whitehorn neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see 't?
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done by staying,
But, my Corinna! come, let's go a Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth ere this has come
Back, and with whitehorn laden home:
Some have despatched their cakes and cream
Before that we have ceased to dream;
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth.
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth;
Many a green gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even;

Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament ;
Many a jest told of the key's betraying
This night, and locks picked ;—yet we're not a
Maying !

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time ;
We shall grow old apace and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun :
And as a vapor, or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight,
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna ! come, let's go a Maying.

HERRICK.

THE PRIMROSE.

WELCOME, pale primrose ! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak, that strew
The every lawn, the wood, and spinny through,
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green ;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground,
How sweet thy modest, unaffected pride,
Glow's on the sunny bank, and wood's warm side.
And when thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
The schoolboy roams enchantedly along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight ;
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight ;
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning Spring.

CLARE.

A TRIBUTE TO MAY.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF CONRAD OF KIRCHBERG.)

MAY, sweet May, again is come,—
May that frees the land from gloom;
Children, children! up and see
All her stores of jollity.
On the laughing hedgerow's side
She hath spread her treasures wide;
She is in the greenwood shade,
Where the nightingale hath made
Every branch and every tree
Ring with her sweet melody:
Hill and dale are May's own treasures,
Youths, rejoice! In sportive measures
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!
Up! then, children! we will go,
Where the blooming roses grow;
In a joyful company,
We the bursting flowers will see;
Up, your festal dress prepare!
Where gay hearts are meeting, there

May hath pleasures most inviting,
Heart, and sight, and ear, delighting.
Listen to the bird's sweet song,
Hark ! how soft it floats along.
Courtly dames ! our pleasure share ;
Never saw I May so fair :
Therefore, dancing will we go,
Youths, rejoice ! the flow'rets blow !
Sing ye ! join the chorus gay !
Hail this merry, merry May !

Roscom.

THE WOODLAND IN SPRING.

E'EN in the spring and play-time of the year,
That calls th' unwonted villager abroad
With all her little ones, a sportive train,
To gather kingcups in the yellow mead,
And prink their hair with daisies, or to pick
A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook :
These shades are all my own. The timorous hare,
Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,
Scarce shuns me ; and the stock-dove, unalarmed,
Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends

His long love-ditty for my near approach.
Drawn from his refuge in some lonely elm,
That age or injury has hollowed deep,
Where, on his bed of wool and matted leaves,
He has outslept the winter, ventures forth
To frisk awhile, and bask in the warm sun,
The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play ;
He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,
Ascends the neighboring beech ; there whisks his
brush,
And perks his ears, and stamps and cries aloud,
With all the prettiness of feigned alarm,
And anger insignificantly fierce.

COWPER.

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

WHAT wakest thou, Spring? Sweet voices in the
woods,
And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute ;
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
E'en as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring!—the joyous
leaves,

Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When thy south wind hath pierced the whispery
shade,

And happy murmurs, running through the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they too hear thy call,
Spring, the awakener! thou hast burst their sleep!
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers!
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,
Coloring the cowslip with the sunny hours,
And pencilling the wood anemone:
Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful eye
Glows with mute poesy.

But what awakest thou in the heart, O Spring!
The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs?

Thou that givest back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scents break forth, where'er thou
art—

What wakest thou in the heart?

Too much, oh! there too much! We know not well
Wherefore it should be thus, yet roused by thee,
What fond, strange yearnings, from the soul's deep
cell,

Gush for the faces we no more may see!
How are we haunted, in the wind's low tone,
By voices that are gone!

Looks of familiar love, that never more,
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,
Past words of welcome to our household door,
And vanished smiles, and sounds of parted feet,—
Spring! 'midst the murmurs of thy flowering trees,
Why, why revivest thou these?

Vain longings for the dead!—why come they back
With thy young birds, and leaves, and living blooms?
Oh! is it not, that from thine earthly track

Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs?
Yes, gentle Spring! no sorrow dims thine air,
Breathed by our loved ones *there!*

HEMANS.

EARLY SPRING.

THE hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands displayed,
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing concealed. At once, arrayed
In all the colors of the flushing year,
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance: while the promised fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town,
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling
drops
From the bent bush as though the verdant maze,

Of sweet-brier hedges I pursue my walk ;
Or taste the smell of dairy : or ascend
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
And see the country far diffused around,
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms, where the raptured eye
Hurries from joy to joy.

THOMSON.

A WALK BY THE WATER.

LET us walk where reeds are growing,
By the alders in the mead ;
Where the crystal streams are flowing,
In whose waves the fishes feed.

There the golden carp is laving,
With the trout, the perch, and bream ,
Mark ! their flexile fins are waving,
As they glance along the stream.

Now they sink in deeper billows,
Now upon the surface rise ;
Or from under roots of willows,
Dart to catch the water flies.

Midst the reeds and pebbles hiding,
See the minnow and the roach :
Or by water-lilies gliding,
Shun with fear our near approach.

Do not dread us, timid fishes,
We have neither net nor hook ;
Wanderers we, whose only wishes
Are to read in Nature's book.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

JOY OF SPRING.

For lo ! no sooner has the cold withdrawn,
Than the bright elm is tufted on the lawn ;
The merry sap has run up in the bowers,
And burst the windows of the buds in flowers ;
With song the bosoms of the birds run o'er,
The cuckoo calls, the swallow's at the door,
And apple-trees at noon, with bees alive,
Burn with the golden chorus of the hive.
Now all these sweets, these sounds, this vernal blaze
Is but one joy, expressed a thousand ways :

And honey from the flowers, and song from birds,
Are from the poet's pen his overflowing words.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE NIGHTINGALE AT EVE.

ALL is still,

A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the Nightingale begins its song,
"Most musical, most melancholy" bird!
A melancholy bird! Oh! idle thought!
In Nature there is nothing melancholy.

* * * * *

'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburden his full soul
Of all its music!

I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not : and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths ;
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many nightingales ; and far and near,
In wood and thicket over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's songs—
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such a harmony,
That, should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day ! On moonlit bushes
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You may, perchance, behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and
full,
Glistening, while many a glowworm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

* * * * *

And oft a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence ; till the moor
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
A hundred airy harps ! And I have watched
Many a nightingale perched giddily
On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song,
Like tipsy Joy that reels with tossing head.

COLERIDGE.

BEES AND BUTTERFLIES.

THE insect-world, now sunbeams higher climb,
Oft dream of Spring, and wake before their time.
Bees stroke their little legs across their wings,
And venture short flights where the snowdrop brings
Its silver bell, and winter aconite
Its buttercup-like flowers that shut at night,
With green leaf furling round its cup of gold,
Like tender maiden muffled from the cold ;

They sip, and find their honey-dreams are vain,
Then feebly hasten to their hives again.
The butterflies by eager hopes undone,
Glad as a child come out to greet the sun :
Beneath the shadow of a sudden shower
Are lost—nor see to-morrow's April flower.

CLARE.

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I IN the flow'ry meads would be :
The crystal streams should solace me ;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice,
 Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
 Court his chaste mate to acts of love :

Or on that bank feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty, please my mind
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers :
 Here hear my Kenna sing a song,
 There see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a leverock build her nest :
Here give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love :
Thus free from lawsuits, and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice :

Or with my Bryan and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford Brook ;
There sit by him, and eat my meat ;
There see the sun both rise and set :
There bid good morning to next day ;
There meditate my time away ;
And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

ISAAC WALTON.

APRIL.

Now daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight ;
The cuckoo now on every tree,
Sings cuckoo ! cuckoo !

SHAKESPEARE.

M A Y.

WHEN apple-trees in blossom are,
And cherries of a silken white;
And king-cups-deck the meadows fair;
And daffodils in brooks delight;
When golden wall-flowers bloom around,
And purple violets scent the ground,
And lilac 'gins to show her bloom,—
We then may say the May is come.

When happy shepherds tell their tale
Under the tender leafy tree;
And all adown the grassy vale
The mocking cuckoo chanteth free;
And Philomel, with liquid throat,
Doth pour the welcome, warbling note,
That had been all the Winter dumb,—
We then may say the May is come.

When fishes leap in silver stream,
And tender corn is springing high,
And banks are warm with sunny beam,
And twittering swallows cleave the sky,

And forest bees are humming near,
And cowslips in boys' hats appear,
And maids do wear the meadow's bloom,—
We then may say the May is come.

CLARE.

SPRING MORNING.

Come hither, come hither, and view the face
Of Nature, enrobed in her vernal grace.
By the hedgerow wayside flowers are springing;
On the budding elms the birds are singing;
And up—up—up to the gates of heaven
Mounts the lark, on the wings of her rapture driven;
The voice of the streamlet is fresh and loud;
On the sky there is not a speck of cloud:
Come hither, come hither, and join with me,
In the season's delightful jubilee!

Come hither, come hither, and guess with me,
How fair and how fruitful the year will be!
Look into the pasture-grounds o'er the pale,
And behold the foal with its switching tail,
About and abroad, in its mirth it flies,
With its long black forelocks about its eyes;

Or bends its neck down with a stretch,
The daisy's earliest flowers to reach.
See! as on by the hawthorn fence we pass,
How the sheep are nibbling the tender grass,
Or holding their heads to the sunny ray,
As if their hearts, like its smile, were gay ;
While the chattering sparrows, in and out,
Fly the shrubs, and the trees, and roofs about,
And sooty rooks, loudly cawing, roam,
With sticks and straws, to their woodland home.

MOIR.

SABBATH MORNING.

How still the morning of the hallowed day !
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed
The plough-boy's whistle, and the milk-maid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yesternorn bloomed waving in the breeze.
The faintest sounds attract the ear--the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.

To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale ;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song ; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep sunk glen ;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

GRAHAM

THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

STRONG climber of the mountain's side,
Though thou the vale disdain,
Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
The wonders of the lane.
High o'er the rushy springs of Don
The stormy gloom is rolled ;
The moorland hath not yet put on
His purple, green, and gold.
But here the titling spreads his wing,
Where dewy daisies gleam ;
And here the sunflower of the Spring
Burns bright in morning's beam.







The Return

To mountain-winds the famished fox
Complains that Sol is slow,
O'er headlong steeps and gushing rocks
His royal robe to throw.
But here the lizard seeks the sun,
Here coils, in light, the snake :
And here the fire-tuft hath begun
Its beauteous nest to make.
Oh ! then, while hums the earliest bee
Where verdure fires the plain,
Walk thou with me, and stoop to see
The glories of the lane !
For oh ! I love these banks of rock,
This roof of sky and tree,
These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming clock,
And wakes the earliest bee !
As spirits from eternal day
Look down on earth, secure,
Look here, and wonder, and survey
A world in miniature.
A world not scorned by Him who made
E'en weakness by His might ;
But solemn in His depth of shade
And splendid in His sight.

SPRING POINTING TO GOD.

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flowers ; and all around,
Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen.

Behold the trees new-deck their withered boughs ;
Their ample leaves the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose ;
The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sewed nor spun :
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings ;
And cheerful singing, up the air she steers ;
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she
sings.

On the green furze, clothed o'er with golden blooms,
That fill the air with fragrance all around,

The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeya down the western sky,
Along the greensward, marked with Roman
mound,
Beneath the blithesome shepherd's watchful eye,
The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
Who love to walk in virtue's flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,
And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

BRUCE.

EFFECTS OF SPRING.

THE great Sun,
Scattering the clouds with a resistless smile,
Came forth to do thee homage ; a sweet hymn
Was by the low winds chanted in the sky ;
And when thy feet descended on the earth,
Scarce could they move amid the clustering flowers

By Nature strewn o'er valley, hill, and field,
To hail her blessed deliverer!—Ye fair trees,
How are ye changed, and changing while I gaze!
It seems as if some gleam of verdant light
Fell on you from a rainbow; but it lives
Amid your tendrils, brightening every hour
Into a deeper radiance. Ye sweet birds,
Were you asleep through all the wintry hours,
Beneath the waters, or in mossy caves?—
Yet are ye not,
Sporting in tree and air, more beautiful
Than the young lambs, that, from the valley-side,
Send a soft bleating like an infant's voice,
Half happy, half afraid! O blessed things!
At sight of this your perfect innocence,
The sterner thoughts of manhood melt away
Into a mood as mild as woman's dreams.

WILSON.

THE MEADOW.

How gay this meadow!—like a gamesome boy
New clothed, his locks fresh combed and powdered,
he

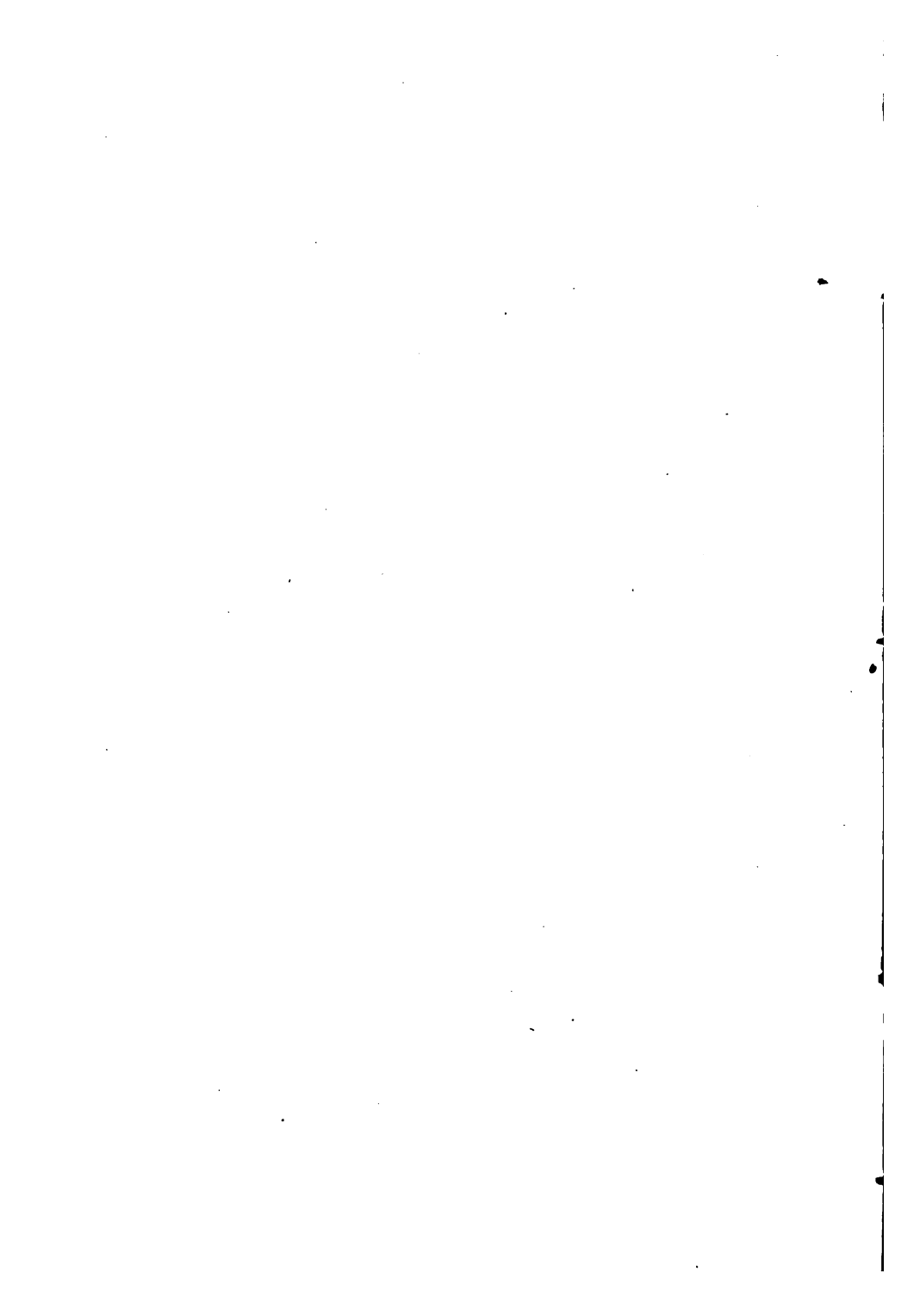
All healths and spirits. Scarce so many stars
Shine in the azure canopy of heaven,
As king-cups here are scattered, interspersed
With silver daisies.

See, the toiling hind
With many a sturdy stroke cuts up at last
The tough and sinewy furze. How hard he fought
To fell the glory of the barren waste!
For what more noble than the vernal furze
With golden baskets hung? Approach it not,
For every blossom has a troop of swords
Drawn to defend it. 'Tis the treasury
Of Fays and Fairies. Here they nightly meet,
Each with a burnished king-cup in his hand,
And quaff the subtile ether. Here they dance
Or to the village chimes, or moody song
Of midnight Philomel. The ringlet see
Fantastically trod. There Oberon

His gallant train leads out, the while his torch
The glow-worm lights, and dusky night illumines :
And there they foot it featly round and laugh.
The sacred spot the superstitious ewe
Regards, and bites it not in reverence.
Anon the drowsy clock tolls one—the cock
His clarion sounds, the dance breaks off, the lights
Are quenched, the music hushed, they speed away
Swifter than thought, and still the break of morn
Outrun, and, chasing midnight as she flies,
Pursue her round the globe.

HURDIS.

THE
POETRY OF SUMMER.



THE POETRY OF SUMMER.

REPOSE IN SUMMER.

(FROM "THE TALKING OAK.")

HER eyelids dropped their silken eaves,
I breathed upon her eyes,
Through all the summer of my leaves,
A welcome mixed with sighs.

Sometimes I let a sunbeam slip
To light her shaded eye ;
A second fluttered round her lip,
Like a golden butterfly.

TENNYSON.

SUMMER REVERIE.

I stood tiptoe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty-leaved, and finely-tapering stems,
Had not yet lost their starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook ; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves ;
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
There was wide wandering for the greediest eye,
To peer about upon variety ;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim ;
To picture out the quaint and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending :
Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.

I gazed awhile, and felt as light and free
As though the fanning wings of Mercury
Had played upon my heels : I was light-hearted,
And many pleasures to my vision started ;
So I straightway began to pluck a posy
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft, and rosy.
A bush of May-flowers with the bees about them ;
Ah, sure no tasteful nook could be without them !
And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,
And let long grass grow round the roots to keep them
Moist, cool, and green ; and shade the violets,
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.

A filbert-hedge with wild-brier overtwined,
And clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind
Upon their summer thrones ; there too should be
The frequent-chequer of a youngling tree,
That with a score of light green brethren shoots
From the quaint mossiness of aged roots :
Round which is heard a spring-head of clear waters,
Babbling so wildly of its lovely daughters,
The spreading blue-bells : it may haply mourn
That such fair clusters should be rudely torn
From their fresh beds, and scattered thoughtlessly
By infant hands, left on the path to die.

Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds !
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids
That in these days your praises should be sung
On many harps, which he has lately strung ;
And when again your dewiness he kisses,
Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses :
So haply when I rove in some far vale,
His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight :
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.
Linger awhile upon some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings :
They will be found softer than ringdoves' cooings.
How silent comes the water round that bend !
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'erhanging sallows : blades of grass
Slowly across the chequered shadows pass.
Why, you might read two sonnets, ere they reach
To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach

A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds ;
Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,
Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,
To taste the luxury of sunny beams
Tempered with coolness. How they ever wrestle
With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand !
If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain ;
But turn your eye, and they are there again.
The ripples seem right glad to reach those cresses,
And cool themselves among the emerald tresses ;
The while they cool themselves, they freshness give,
And moisture, that the bowery green may live ;
So keeping up an interchange of favors,
Like good men in the truth of their behaviors.
Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop
From low-hung branches : little space they stop ;
But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek ;
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak :
Or perhaps, to show their black and golden wings,
Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.
Were I in such a place, I sure should pray
That nought less sweet might call my thoughts away,

Than the soft rustle of a maiden's gown
Fanning away the dandelion's down ;
Than the light music of her nimble toes
Patting against the sorrel as she goes.
How she would start, and blush, thus to be caught
Playing in all her innocence of thought ;
O let me lead her gently o'er the brook,
Watch her half-smiling lips and downward look ;
O let me for one moment touch her wrist ;
Let me one moment to her breathing list ;
And as she leaves me, may she often turn
Her fair eyes looking through her locks auburn.
What next ? a tuft of evening primroses,
O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes ;
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers ; or by the flitting
Of divers moths, that aye their rest are quitting ;
Or by the moon lifting her silver rim
Above a cloud, and with a gradual swim
Coming into the blue with all her light.
O Maker of sweet poets ! dear delight
Of this fair world and all its gentle livers ;
Spangler of clouds, halo of crystal rivers,

Mingler with leaves, and dew and tumbling streams,
Closer of lovely eyes to lovely dreams,
Lover of loneliness, and wandering,
Of upcast eye, and tender pondering !
Thee must I praise above all other glories
That smile us on to tell delightful stories.
For what has made the sage or poet write
But the fair Paradise of Nature's light ?
In the calm grandeur of a sober line,
We see the waving of the mountain pine ;
And when a tale is beautifully staid,
We feel the safety of a hawthorn glade :
When it is moving on luxurious wings,
The soul is lost in pleasant smotherings :
Fair dewy roses brush against our faces,
And flowering laurels spring from diamond vases ;
O'erhead we see the jasmine and sweet-brier
And bloomy grapes laughing from green attire ;
While at our feet, the voice of crystal bubbles
Charms us at once away from all our troubles :
So that we feel uplifted from the world,
Walking upon the white clouds wreathed and curled.

KEATS.

THE BROOK IN SUMMER.

HERE happy would they stray in summer hours,
To spy the birds in their green leafy bowers,
And learn their various voices ; to delight
In the gay tints, and ever-bickering flight
Of dragon-flies upon the river's brim ;
Or swift king-fisher in his gaudy trim
Come skimming past, with a shrill, sudden cry ;
Or on the river's sunny marge to lie,
And count the insects that meandering trace,
In some smooth nook, their circuits on its face.
Now gravely ponder on the frothy cells
Of insects, hung on flowery pinnacles ;
Now, wading the deep grass, exulting trace
The corn-crake's curious voice from place to place ;
Now here—now there—now distant—now at hand—
Now hushed, just where in wondering mirth they
stand.
To lie abroad on Nature's lonely breast,
Amidst the music of a summer's sky,
Where tall, dark pines the northern bank invest
Of a still lake ; and see the long pikes lie

Basking upon the shallows ; with dark crest,
And threatening pomp, the swan go sailing by ;
And many a wild fowl on its breast that shone,
Flickering like liquid silver, in the joyous sun ;
The duck, deep poring with her downward head,
Like a buoy floating on the ocean wave ;
The Spanish goose, like drops of crystal, shed
The water o'er him, his rich plumes to lave ;
The beautiful widgeon, springing upward, spread
His clapping wings ; the heron, stalking grave
Into the stream ; the coot and water-hen
Vanish into the flood, then, far off, rise again :—
Such were their joys !

HOWITT.

SHEPHERD AND FLOCK.

AROUND the adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffused into a limpid plain ;
A various group the herds and flocks compose,
Rural confusion ! On the grassy bank

Some ruminating lie ; while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incomposed he shakes ; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch-swain, his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustained
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands filled ;
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

THOMSON.

SONNET ON COUNTRY LIFE.

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment ?
Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye

Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by :
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.

KNATS.

MORNING IN SUMMER.

AND soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint gleaming in the dappled east ;
Till far o'er ether spreads the winding glow,
And from before the lustre of her face
White break the clouds away. With quickened step,
Brown Night retires : young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine ;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward : while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy ;

And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.
But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the east! The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colored air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering
streams,
High-gleaming from afar.

THOMSON.

THE WILD BRAMBLE.

THY fruit full well the school-boy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So, put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.

Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers ;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are !
How delicate thy gauzy frill !
How rich thy branchy stem !
How soft thy voice, when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them ;
While silent showers are falling slow,
And, 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush !
The primrose to the grave is gone ;
The hawthorn flower is dead ;
The violet by the mossed gray stone
Hath laid her weary head ;
But thou, wild bramble ! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.

Scorned bramble of the brake ! once more
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

ELLIOTT.

AN EVENING VISIT TO WINDERMERE

BEHOLD the shades of afternoon have fallen
Upon this flowery slope ; and see—beyond—
The silvery lake is streaked with placid blue ;
As if preparing for the peace of evening.
How tempting the landscape shines ! The air
Breathes invitation ; easy is the walk
To the lake's margin, where a boat lies moored
Beneath her sheltering tree.

WORDSWORTH.

SUNRISE ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

I STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.

The clouds were far beneath me ;—bathed in light,
They gathered mid-day round the wooded height,
And, in their fading glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,
And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine, blasted, bare, and cleft.
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade ;
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash,—
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a silent reach.
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills,
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,
Was ringing to the merry shout,
That faint and far the glen sent out,

Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke,
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle
broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,—
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

LONGFELLOW

THE FOREST STREAM.

DELIGHTFUL is this loneliness; it calms
My heart: pleasant the cool beneath these elms
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.
Here Nature in her mid-noon whisper speaks;
How peaceful every sound!—the ring-dove's plaint,
Moaned from the forest's gloomiest retreat,
While every other woodland lay is mute,
Save when the wren flits from her down-coved nest,
And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty clear,—
The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp—the buzz,
Angrily shrill, of moss-entangled bee,





If thou art warm and hard heart
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget

That, soon as loosed booms with full twang away,—
The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal
Scared from the shallows by my passing tread.
Dimpling the water glides, with here and there
A glossy fly, skimming in circlets gay
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout
Watches his time to spring; or from above,
Some feathered dam, purveying 'mong the boughs,
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood
Bears off the prize:—sad emblem of man's lot!

GRAHAM.

SUMMER EVE.

Down the sultry arc of day
The burning wheels have urged their way,
And Eve along the western skies
Spreads her intermingling dyes;
Down the deep, the miry lane,
Creaking comes the empty wain.
And driver on the shaft-horse sits,
Whistling now and then by fits;
And oft with his accustomed call,
Urging on the sluggish Ball.

The barn is still,—the master's gone,—
And thresher puts his jacket on ;
While Dick upon the ladder tall
Nails the dead kite to the wall.
Here comes Shepherd Jack at last,
He has penned the sheepcot fast ;
For 'twas but two nights before
A lamb was eaten on the moor ;
His empty wallet Rover carries,—
Now for Jack, when near home, tarries ;
With lolling tongue he runs to try
If the horse-trough be not dry.
The milk is settled in the pans,
And supper messes in the cans ;
In the hovel carts are wheeled,
And both the colts are drove a-field :
The horses are all bedded up,
And the ewe is with the tup.
The snare for Mister Fox is set,
The leaven laid, the thatching wet,
And Bess has slinked away to talk
With Roger in the holly walk.
Now on the settle all but Bess
Are set, to eat their supper mess ;

And little Tom and roguish Kate
Are swinging on the meadow gate.
Now they chat of various things,—
Of taxes, ministers, and kings ;
Or else tell all the village news,—
How madam did the 'squire refuse,
How parson on his tithes was bent,
And landlord oft distrained for rent.
Thus do they, till in the sky
The pale-eyed moon is mounted high.
The mistress sees that lazy Kate
The happing coal on kitchen grate
Has laid,—while master goes throughout,
Sees shutters fast, the mastiff out ;
The candles safe, the hearths all clear,
And nought from thieves or fire to fear ;
Then both to bed together creep,
And join the general troop of sleep.

KIRKE WHITE.

LEAFY JUNE.

Now come the rosy June, and blue-eyed Hours,
With song of birds, and stir of leaves and wings,
And run of rills and bubble of bright springs,
And hourly bursts of pretty buds to flowers ;
With buzz of happy bees in violet bowers,
And gushing lay of the loud lark, who sings
High in the silent sky, and sleeks his wings
In frequent sheddings of the flying showers ;
With plunge of struggling sheep in plashy floods,
And timid bleat of shorn and shivering lamb,
Answered in far-off faintness by its dam ;
With cuckoo's call from green depths of old woods ;
And hum of many sounds, making one voice,
That sweetens the smooth air with a melodious noise.

WEBBE.

THE RAIN.

How beautiful is the rain !
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs !
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout !
Across the window-pane
It pours and pours ;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks ;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool ;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion ;
And down the wet streets

Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulphs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures and his fields of grain.
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain,
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.
These, and far more than these,
The poet sees !
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air ;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled,
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,

Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground ;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven
Opposite the setting sun.
Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change,
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth,
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

LONGFELLOW.

A SUMMER LANDSCAPE.

Now roves the eye ;
And posted on this speculative height,
Exults in its command. The sheepfold here
Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.
At first, progressive as a stream, they seek
The middle field ; but, scattered by degrees,
Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.
There from the sun-burnt hay-field homeward creeps
The loaded wain ; while, lightened of its charge,
The wain that meets it passes swiftly by ;
The boorish driver leaning o'er his team
Vociferous, and impatient of delay.
Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,
Diversified with trees of every growth,
Alike, yet various. Here the gray smooth trunks
Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine,
Within the twilight of their distant shades ;
There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood
Seems sunk, and shortened to its topmost boughs.
No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar ; paler some,
And of a wannish gray ; the willow such,

And poplar, that with silver lines its leaf,
And ash far-stretching his umbrageous arm ;
Of deeper green the elm ; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
Some glossy-leaved, and shining in the sun,
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odors : nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honors bright.

COWPER.

A JUNE DAY.

Who has not dreamed a world of bliss,
On a bright, sunny noon like this,
Couched by his native brook's green maze,
With comrade of his boyish days?
While all around them seemed to be
Just as in joyous infancy.
Who has not loved, at such an hour,
Upon that heath, in birchen bower,
Lulled in the poet's dreamy mood,
Its wild and sunny solitude ?

While o'er the waste of purple ling
You marked a sultry glimmering ;
Silence herself there seems to sleep,
Wrapped in a slumber long and deep,
Where slowly stray those lonely sheep
Through the tall fox-glove's crimson bloom,
And gleaming of the scattered broom.
Love you not, then, to list and hear
The crackling of the gorse-flowers near,
Pouring an orange-scented tide
Of fragrance o'er the desert wide ?
To hear the buzzard whimpering shrill
Hovering above you high and still ?
The twittering of the bird that dwells
Amongst the heath's delicious bells ?
While round your bed, or fern and blade,
Insects in green and gold arrayed,
The sun's gay tribes have lightly strayed ;
And sweeter sound their humming wings
Than the proud minstrel's echoing strings.

HOWITT.

THE COUNTRY WALK.

THE morning's fair, the lusty sun
With ruddy cheek begins to run ;
And early birds, that wing the skies,
Sweetly sing to see him rise.

I am resolved, this charming day,
In the open field to stray ;
And have no roof above my head,
But that whereon the gods do tread.

* * * * *

A landscape wide salutes my sight,
Of shady vales, and mountains bright ;
And azure heavens I behold,
And clouds of silver and of gold.
And now into the fields I go,
Where thousand flaming flowers glow ;
And every neighboring hedge I greet,
With honeysuckles smelling sweet.
Now o'er the daisy meads I stray,
And meet with, as I pace my way,
Sweetly shining on the eye,
A rivulet gliding smoothly by ;

Which shows with what an easy tide
The moments of the happy glide.

* * * * *

The sun now shows his noontide blaze,
And sheds around me burning rays ;
A little onward, and I go
Into the shade that groves bestow ;
And on green moss I lay me down,
That o'er the root of oak has grown ;
Where all is silent, but some flood
That sweetly murmurs in the wood ;
But birds that warble in the sprays,
And charm e'en silence with their lays.

* * * * *

See ! yonder hill, uprising steep,
Above the river slow and deep :
It looks from hence a pyramid,
Beneath a verdant forest hid ;
On whose high top there rises great,
The mighty remnant of a seat,
An old green tower, whose battered brow
Frowns upon the vale below.

Look upon that flowery plain,
How the sheep surround their swain,—

How they crowd to hear his strain !
All careless with his legs across,
Leaning on a bank of moss,
He spends his empty hours at play,
Which fly as light as down away.

And there behold a bloomy mead,
A silver stream, a willow shade,
Beneath the shade a fisher stand,
Who, with the angle in his hand,
Swings the nibbling fry to land.

In blushes the descending sun
Kisses the streams, while slow they run ;
And yonder hill remoter grows,
Or dusky clouds to interpose.
The fields are left, the laboring hind
His weary oxen does unbind ;
And vocal mountains, as they low,
Re-echo to the vales below ;
The jocund shepherds piping come,
And drive the herd before them home ;
And now begin to light their fires,
Which send up smoke in curling spires !
While with light hearts all homeward tend,
To Abergasney I descend.

DYER.

THE
POETRY OF AUTUMN.

THE POETRY OF AUTUMN.

HARVEST-HOME.

SUMMER'S toiling now is past ;
Harvest now hath sent her last—
 Her last, last load.
If the field containeth more,
Master, give it to the poor,
 Abroad—abroad.
Let them through the corn-field roam,
While we welcome harvest-home,—
 Harvest-home, harvest-home,—
While we welcome harvest-home :
Songs shall sound and ale-cups foam,
 While we welcome harvest-home.

MILLER.

HARVEST FIELD.

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day ;
Before the ripened field the reapers stand
In fair array ; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves ;
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shock ;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.

Be not too narrow, husbandmen ! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think,
How good the God of Harvest is to you,
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields :

While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole.

THOMSON.

AUTUMNAL MORNING.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows;
Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,
The wild flowers bloom, or kissing the soft air,
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.
With what a tender and impassioned voice
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,
When the fast ushering star of morning comes
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf;
Or when the cowed and dusky-sandalled Eve,
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,
Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves
In the green valley, where the silver brook,
From its full laver, pours the white cascade;
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless
laughter.

And frequent, on the everlasting hills,
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself
In all the dark embroidery of the storm,
And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid
The silent majesty of these deep woods,
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,
As to the sunshine and the pure bright air
Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades ;
For them there was an eloquent voice in all
The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,
The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds,—
The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes,—
Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in,
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,
The distant lake, fountains, and mighty trees,
In many a lazy syllable repeating.
Their old poetic legends to the wind.

LONGFELLOW.

BEAUTIES OF AUTUMN.

THE month is now far spent ; and the meridian sun,
Most sweetly smiling, with attempered beams,
Sheds gently down a mild and grateful warmth ;
Beneath its yellow lustre, groves and woods,
Chequered by one night's frost with various hues,
While yet no wind has swept a leaf away,
Shine doubly rich. It were a sad delight
Down the smooth stream to glide, and see it tinged
Upon each brink with all the gorgeous hues,
The yellow, red, or purple of the trees
That singly, or in tufts, or forests thick,
Adorn the shores ;—to see, perhaps, the side
Of some high mount reflected far below,
With its bright colors intermixed with spots
Of darker green. Yes, it were sweetly sad
To wander in the open fields, and hear,
E'en at this hour, the noon-day hardly past,
The lulling insects of the summer's night ;
To hear, where lately buzzing swarms were heard,
A lonely bee, long roving here and there
To find a single flower, but all in vain ;

Then rising quick, and with a louder hum,
In widening circles round and round his head,
Straight by the listener flying clear away,
As if to bid the fields a last adieu ;
To hear, within the woodland's sunny side,
Late full of music, nothing save, perhaps,
The sound of nut-shells, by the squirrel dropped
From some tall beech, fast falling through the leaves

WILCOX.

THE GIPSY ENCAMPMENT.

I SEE a column of slow-rising smoke
O'ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild.
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung
Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,
Or vermin, or at best of cock purloined
From his accustomed perch. Hard-faring race,
They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquenched
The spark of life.

COWPER.

NUTTING.

—It seems a day,
(I speak of one from many singled out)
One of those heavenly days which cannot die;
When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,
I left our cottage-threshold, sallying forth
With a huge wallet o'er my shoulder slung,
A nutting-crook in hand, and turned my steps
Towards the distant woods, a figure quaint,
Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds,
Which for that service had been husbanded,
By exhortation of my frugal dame.
Motley accoutrement, of power to smile
At thorns, and brakes, and brambles,—and, in truth,
More ragged than need was! Among the woods,
And o'er the pathless rocks, I forced my way,
Until, at length, I came to one dear nook
Unvisited, where not a broken bough
Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign
Of devastation, but the hazels rose
'Tall and erect, with milk-white clusters hung,
A virgin scene!—A little while I stood,
Breathing with such suppression of the heart

As joy delights in ; and, with wise restraint
Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
The banquet,—or beneath the trees I sate
Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played :
A temper, known to those, who, after long
And weary expectation, have been blest
With sudden happiness beyond all hope.—
Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves
The violets of five seasons reappear
And fade, unseen by any human eye ;
Where fairy waterbreaks do murmur on
Forever,—and I saw the sparkling foam,
And with my cheek on one of those green stones
That, fleeced with moss, beneath the shady trees,
Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep,
I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay
Tribute to ease ; and of its joy secure,
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones,
And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,
And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with
crash
And merciless ravage ; and the shady nook

Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being: and, unless I now
Confound my present feelings with the past,
Even then, when from the bower I turned away
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees and the intruding sky.—
Then, dearest Maiden! move along these shades
In gentleness of heart! with gentle hand
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

WORDSWORTH.

SERENITY OF AUTUMN.

BUT see the fading many-colored woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether: whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn

The gentle current : while illumined wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his softened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom Virtue and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things ;
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet ;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace ;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the saddened grove, where scarce is
heard

One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse ;
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swelled all the music of the swarming shades,
Robbed of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock ;
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.

THOMSON.

T E A R S.

(FROM "THE PRINCESS.")

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean.
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

TENNYSON.

A DAY IN AUTUMN.

THERE was not, on that day, a speck to stain
The azure heaven ; the blessed Sun, alone,
In unapproachable divinity,
Careered, rejoicing in his fields of light.
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
The billows heave ! one glowing green expanse,
Save where along the bending line of shore
Such hue is known as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
Embathed in emerald glory. All the flocks
Of Ocean are abroad : like floating foam,

The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves ;
With long-protruded neck the cormorants
Wing their far flight aloft, and round and round
The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.
It was a day that sent into the heart
A summer feeling : even the insect swarms
From their dark nooks and coverts issued forth,
To sport through one day of existence more ;
The solitary primrose on the bank
Seemed now as though it had no cause to mourn
Its bleak autumnal birth ; the rocks and shores,
The Forest, and the everlasting Hills,
Smiled in that joyful Sunshine,—they partook
The universal blessing.

SOUTHEY.

MOUNTAIN SCENE.

THE Sun, whose eastern ray had scarcely gilt
The mountain's brow, while up the steep ascent
With early step we climbed, now wide displays
His radiant orb, and half his daily stage
Hath nearly measured. From th' illumined vale
The soaring mists are drained, and o'er the hill

No more breathes grateful the cool balmy air,
Cheering our search, and urging on our steps
Delightful. See, the languid herds forsake
The burning mead, and creep beneath the shade
Of spreading tree, or sheltering hedge-row tall :
Or, in the mantling pool, rude reservoir
Of wintry rains, and the slow thrifty spring,
Cool their parched limbs, and lave their panting sides.

Let us too seek the shade. Yon airy dome,
Beneath whose lofty battlements we found
A covert passage to these sultry realms,
Invites our drooping strength, and well befriends
The pleasing comment on fair Nature's book,
In sumptuous volume, opened to our view.

* * * * *

'Tis well! Here sheltered from the scorching heat,
At large we view the subject vale sublime
And unimpeded. Hence its limits trace
Stretching, in wanton boundary, from the foot
Of this green mountain, far as human ken
Can reach,—a theatre immense! adorned
With ornaments of sweet variety,
By Nature's pencil drawn—the level meads,
A verdant floor! with brightest gems inlaid,

And richly-painted flowers—the tillaged plain,
Wide-waving to the sun a rival blaze
Of gold, best source of wealth!—the prouder hills,
With outline fair, in naked pomp displayed,
Round, angular, oblong; and others crowned
With graceful foliage. Over all her horn
Fair Plenty pours, and cultivation spreads
Her heightening lustre. See, beneath her touch
The smiling harvests rise, with bending line,
And wavy ridge, along the dappled glebe
Stretching their lengthened beds. Her careful hand
Piles up the yellow grain, or rustling hay
A dust for wintry store—the long-ridged mow,
Or shapely pyramid, with conic roof,
Dressing the landscape. She the thick-wove fence
Nurses, and adds with care the hedge-row elm.
Around her farms and villages she plans
The rural garden, yielding wholesome food
Of simple viands, and the fragrant herb
Medicinal. The well-ranged orchard now
She orders, or the sheltering clump, or tuft
Of hardy trees, the wintry storms to curb
Or guard the sweet retreat of village swain,
With health and plenty crowned.

JAGO.

TO A WILD DEER.

FIT couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee !
Magnificent prison enclosing the free !
With rock wall-encircled—with precipice crowned—
Which, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a bound.
'Mid the fern and the heather kind Nature doth keep
One bright spot of green for her favorite's sleep ;
And close to that covert, as clear as the skies
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,
Where the creature at rest can his image behold,
Looking up through the radiance as bright and as
bold !

How lonesome ! how wild ! yet the wildness is rife
With the stir of enjoyment—the spirit of life.
The glad fish leaps up in the heart of the lake,
Whose depths at the sullen plunge sullenly quake !
Elate on the fern-branch the grasshopper sings,
And away in the midst of his roundelay springs ;
'Mid the flowers of the heath, not more bright than
himself,
The wild bee is busy, a musical elf !—

Then starts from his labor, unwearied and gay,
And circling the antlers, booms far, far away.
While high up the mountains, in silence remote,
The cuckoo unseen is repeating his note,
And mellowing Echo, on watch in the skies,
Like a voice from a loftier climate replies.
With wild branching antlers, a guard to his breast,
There lies the wild creature, even stately in rest;
'Mid the grandeur of Nature, composed and serene,
And proud in his heart of the mountainous scene,
He lifts his calm eye to the eagle and raven,
At noon sinking down on smooth wings to their
 haven,
As if in his soul the bold animal smiled
To his friends of the sky, the joint-heirs of the wild.

WILSON.

AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves
 run;

To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy
cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
Sometimes, whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spare the next swarth and all its twinèd flowers ;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,

While barred clouds bloom the soft dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

KEATS.

THE
POETRY OF WINTER.



WINTER.

THE POETRY OF WINTER.

WINTER.

SEE! Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train ;
Vapors, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme,
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleased have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nursed by careless solitude I lived,
And sung of nature with unceasing joy,—
Pleased have I wandered through your rough domain ;
Trod the pure virgin snows, myself as pure.

THOMSON.

FARM-YARD IN WINTER.

WHEN now, unsparing as the scourge of war,
Blasts follow blasts, and groves dismantled roar,
Around their home the storm-pinched cattle lows,
No nourishment in frozen pastures grows ;
Yet frozen pastures every morn resound
With fair abundance thund'ring to the ground.
For though on hoary twigs no buds peep out,
And e'en the hardy brambles cease to sprout,
Beneath dread Winter's level sheets of snow
The sweet nutritious turnip deigns to grow ;
Till now imperious want and wide-spread dearth
Bid Labor claim her treasures from the earth.
On driving gales sharp hail indignant flies,
And sleet, more irksome still, assails his eyes ;
Snow clogs his feet ; or if no snow is seen,
The field with all its juicy store to screen,
Deep goes the frost, till every root is found
A rolling mass of ice upon the ground.
No tender ewe can break her nightly fast,
Nor heifer strong begin the cold repast,
Till Giles with pond'rous beetle foremost go,
And scatt'ring splinters fly at every blow :

When pressing round him, eager for the prize,
From their mixed breath warm exhalations rise.

Though night approaching bids for rest prepare,
Still the flail echoes through the frosty air,
Nor stops till deepest shades of darkness come,
Sending at length the weary laborer home.
From him, with bed and nightly food supplied,
Throughout the yard, housed round on every side,
Deep-plunging cows their rustling feast enjoy,
And snatch sweet mouthfuls from the passing boy,
Who moves unseen beneath his trailing load,
Fills the tall racks and leaves a scattered road ;
Where oft the swine from ambush warm and dry
Bolt out, and scamper headlong to their sty,
When Giles, with well-known voice, already there,
Deigns them a portion of his evening care.
From the fireside with many a shrug he hies,
Glad if the full-orbed moon salute his eyes,
And through th' unbroken stillness of the night
Shed on his path her beams of cheering light.
With saunt'ring step he climbs the distant stile,
Whilst all around him wears a placid smile ;
There views the white-robed clouds in clusters driven,
And all the glorious pageantry of Heaven.

Low, on the utmost bound'ry of the sight,
The rising vapors catch the silver light ;
Thence Fancy measures, as they parting fly,
Which first will throw its shadow on the eye,
Passing the source of light ; and thence away,
Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.
Far yet above these wafted clouds are seen
(In a remoter sky, still more serene,)
Others, detached in ranges through the air,
Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair ;
Scattered immensely wide from east to west,
The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest.

BLOOMFIELD.

FROST.

For every shrub and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seemed wrought in glass ;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow ;
The thick-sprung reeds the watery marshes yield
Seem polished lances in a hostile field ;
The spreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,
Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine ;

The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
That wave and glitter in the distant sun ;
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies.

PHILLIPS.

SNOW.

To-MORROW brings a change,—a total change !
Which even now, though silently performed,
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face
Of universal nature undergoes.
Fast falls a fleecy shower : the downy flakes
Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse,
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thickening mantle ; and the green
And tender blade, that feared the chilling blast,
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

COWPER.

FODDERING CATTLE.

THE cattle mourn in corners, where the fence
Screens them ; and seem half petrified to sleep
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
Their wonted fodder ; not like hungering man,
Fretful if unsupplied ; but silent, meek,
And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.
He from the stack carves out the accustomed load,
Deep-plunging, and again deep-plunging, oft,
His broad keen knife into the solid mass ;
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,
With such undeviating and even force
He severs it away ; no needless care,
Lest storms should overset the leaning pile
Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.

COWPER.

SKATING.

AND in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
The cottage-windows through the twilight blazed,
I heeded not the summons : happy time

It was indeed for all of us ; for me
It was a time of rapture ! Clear and loud
The village-clock tolled six—I wheeled about,
Proud and exulting, like an untired horse
That cares not for his home.—All shod with steel
We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle : with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud ;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron ; while the distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while the stars,
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star ;
Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain : and oftentimes,

When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short ; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round !
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

WORDSWORTH.

REFLECTIONS UPON WINTER.

THOUGH now no more the musing ear
Delights to listen to the breeze,
That lingers o'er the green-wood shade,
I love thee, Winter ! well.

Sweet are the harmonies of Spring,
Sweet is the Summer's evening gale,
And sweet the Autumnal winds that shake
The many-colored grove.

And pleasant to the sobered soul
The silence of the wintry scene,
When Nature shrouds herself, entranced
In deep tranquillity.

Not undelightful now to roam
The wild heath sparkling on the sight ;
Not undelightful now to pace
The forest's ample rounds,

And see the spangled branches shine,
And mark the moss of many a hue
That varies the old tree's brown bark,
Or o'er the gray stone spreads.

And mark the clustered berries bright,
Amid the holly's gay green leaves ;
The ivy round the leafless oak,
That clasps its foliage close.

So Virtue, diffident of strength,
Clings to Religion's firmer aid,
And by Religion's aid upheld,
Endures calamity.

Nor void of beauties now the spring,
Whose waters hid from Summer sun,
Have soothed the thirsty pilgrim's ear
With more than melody.

The green moss shines with icy glare,
The long grass bends its spear-like form,
And lovely is the silvery scene
When faint the sunbeams smile.

Reflection, too, may love the hour
When Nature, hid in Winter's grave,
No more expands the bursting bud,
Or bids the flow'ret bloom.

For Nature soon in Spring's best charms,
Shall rise revived from Winter's grave,
Expand the bursting bud again,
And bid the flower re-bloom.

SOUTHEY.

THE REDBREAST.

THE cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white :
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current.

The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet.

THOMSON.

THE WOODMAN.

FORTH goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned
The cheerful haunts of man; to wield the axe
And drive the wedge, in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd; with pointed ears,

And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow ; and now, with many a frisk,
Wide scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout ;
Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right toward the mark ; nor stops for aught,
But now and then with pressure of his thumb
To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube
That fumes beneath his nose : the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.

COWPER.

A WINTER WALK.

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas ! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods ! within your crowd ;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds ! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song ;
I hear it in the opening year,—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

LONGFELLOW.

WINTER'S FROST.

AN icy gale, oft shifting o'er the pool,
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering storm.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise ; while, at his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief ;
The heifer lows ; the distant waterfall
Swells in the breeze ; and with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar

It freezes on,
Till Morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye, unjoyous. Then appears
The various labor of the silent Night :
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar ;
The pendent icicle, the frost-work fair,
Where transient hues and fancied figures rise ;
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn.

THOMSON.

WINTER TRIUMPHANT.

THE dead leaves strew the forest-walk,
And withered are the pale wild flowers ;
The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,
The dew-drops fall in frozen showers,
Gone are the Spring's green sprouting bowers,
Gone Summer's rich and mantling vines,
And Autumn with her yellow hours
On hill and plain no longer shines.

BRAINARD.

THE SNOW-CLOGGED WAIN.

ILL fares the traveller now, and he that stalks
In ponderous boots beside his reeking team.
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads adhering close
To the clogged wheels ; and in its sluggish pace
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While every breath, by respiration strong
Forced downward, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests. He, formed to bear

The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half-shut eyes and puckered cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on.
One hand secures his hat, save when with both
He brandishes his pliant length of whip,
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.

COWPER.

WINTER.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail.
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;

Then roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
And nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SHAKESPEARE.

WINTER SERENADE.

THE minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage eaves ;
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural green.

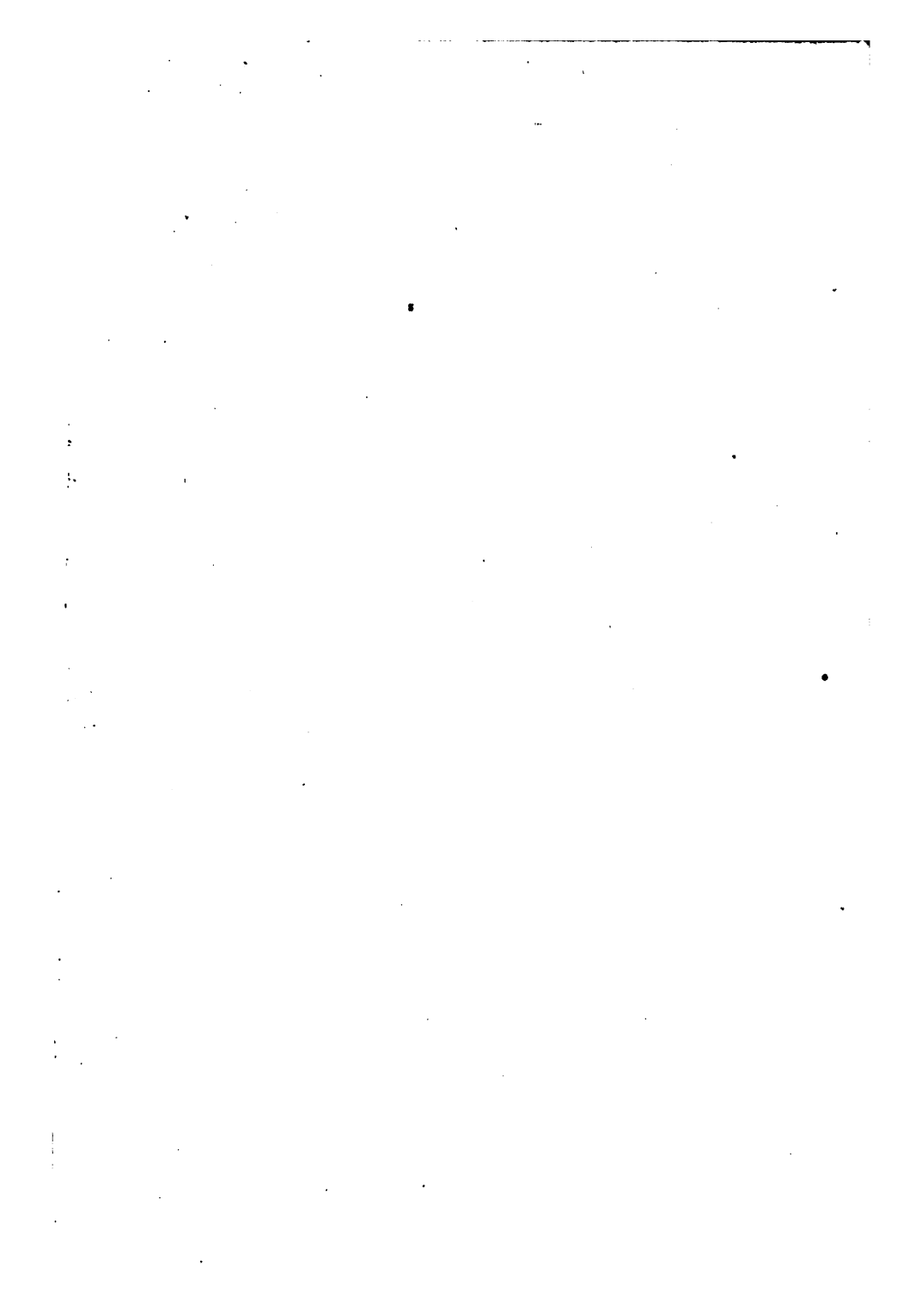
Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings ;
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,
Nor check the music of the strings ;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.

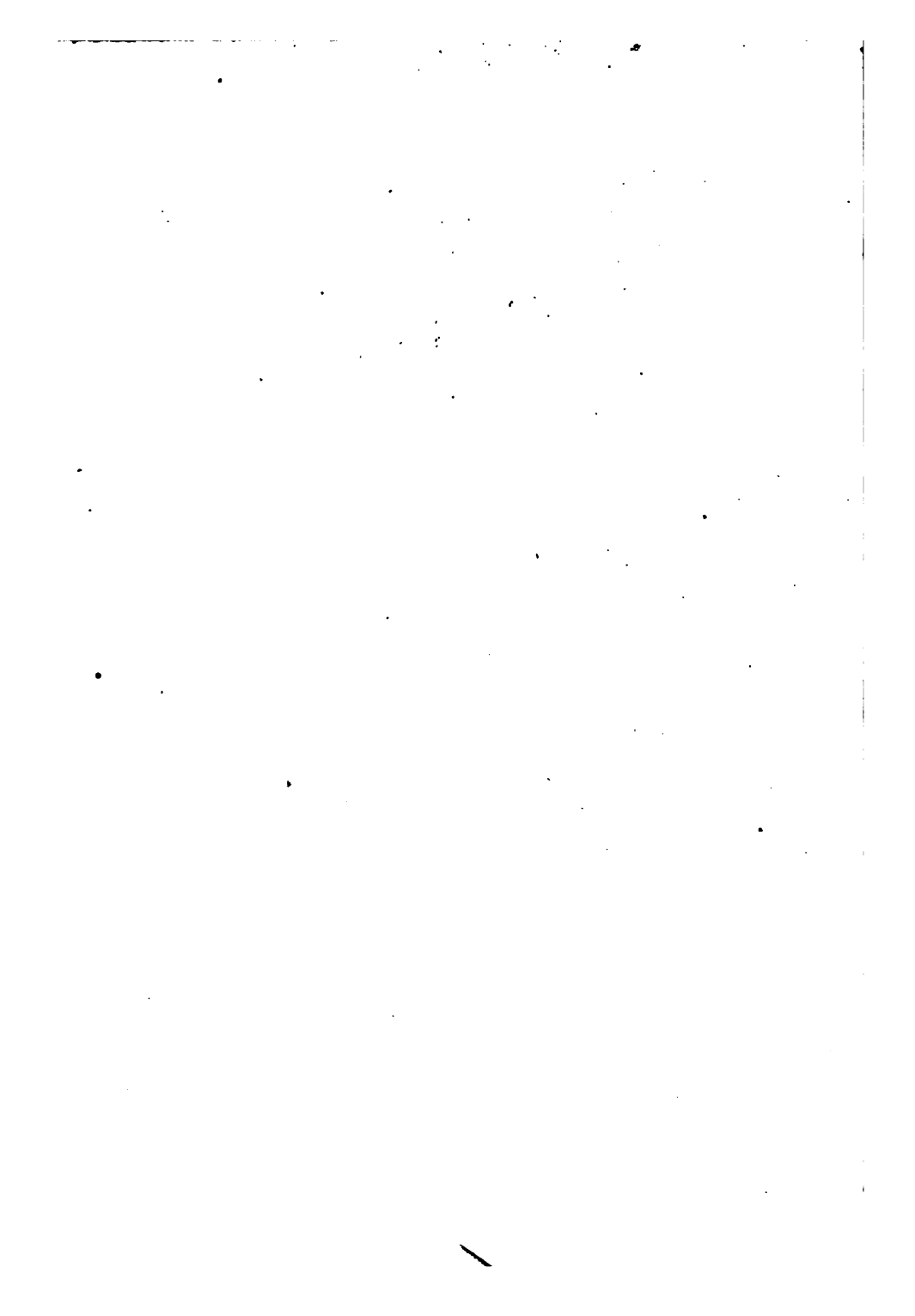
And who but listened ?—till was paid
Respect to every inmate's claim ;

The greeting given, the music played
In honor of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "Merry Christmas" wished to all!

WORDSWORTH.

THE END.





1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and the role of the accounting department in ensuring the integrity of the financial statements. It emphasizes the need for transparency and accountability in all financial reporting.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze data, including surveys, interviews, and focus groups. It discusses the challenges of data collection and the importance of using a variety of methods to ensure the reliability of the results.

3. The third part of the document describes the results of the data collection and analysis, highlighting the key findings and the implications for the organization. It discusses the need for further research and the potential for future studies to build on the current findings.

4. The fourth part of the document provides a summary of the findings and a conclusion. It emphasizes the importance of the research and the need for the organization to take action based on the results. It also discusses the limitations of the study and the need for further research.

5. The fifth part of the document is a list of references, including books, articles, and other sources used in the research. It provides a comprehensive list of the literature reviewed and the sources of the data used in the study.

6. The sixth part of the document is a list of appendices, including the survey questionnaire, the interview schedule, and the focus group guide. It provides a detailed list of the materials used in the research and the data collected.

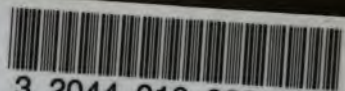
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8. The eighth part of the document is a list of footnotes, including the names of the authors and the dates of the research. It provides a detailed list of the information used in the research and the sources of the data.

9. The ninth part of the document is a list of acknowledgments, including the names of the individuals and organizations that provided support and assistance during the research. It provides a detailed list of the people and organizations that helped make the research possible.

10. The tenth part of the document is a list of the authors' contact information, including their names, addresses, and phone numbers. It provides a detailed list of the people who conducted the research and the organizations they represent.





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